

A  
CURSORY VIEW  
OF THE  
CREATION;  
IN A  
HYMN  
TO THE  
All-gracious, Wise and Powerful  
CREATOR.

---

IN FOUR PARTS.

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By THOMAS COOKE, A. M. Vicar of *Bayton*,  
and Master of the Free-School at *Kidderminster, Worcestershire*.

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R O M. i. 20.

*The invisible Things of Him from the Creation of the World are  
clearly seen, being understood by the Things that are made, even  
his eternal Power and Godhead.*

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L O N D O N:

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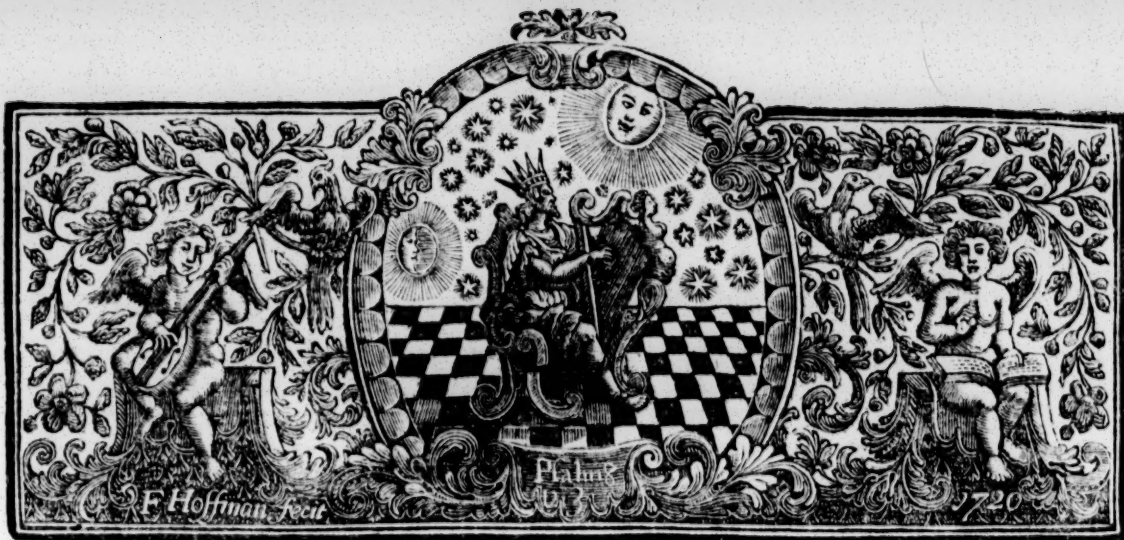


Sup. 401. i. 37.





( j )



T H E  
P R E F A C E.



THE Proofs of a divine Wisdom, Power,  
and Goodness, are so strong and evident  
in all the Parts of Nature, as cannot  
fail to raise, in those that consider them,  
a due Sense of their Obligations to praise and adore  
the great Creator: His Stamp is impress'd on every

A 2

Object



*Object we behold, and can hardly escape the Notice of any, but the most thoughtless and incurious; and who, that discerns the fair Impression, can withhold so just and reasonable a Tribute?*

*IT is true, there have been some, who have pretended to examine the natural Constitution of Things, and from thence undertaken to account for all that Order, Art, and Beauty, which appear in them, from a casual Combination of Matter; but never sure was Truth more wilfully, and absurdly opposed, than in the Arguments these Men have used in excluding God out of the World, and making Chance, which after all is Nothing, the Parent of that Regularity and Contrivance so visible in the several Parts of it. What can we be sure of? if Effects, that have all possible Marks of a wise, and good Design, and those too in Instances innumerable, can proceed from any Cause, but a gracious, and intelligent Being.*

*BUT my Purpose in this Preface is not to renew the Controversy with such singular, and perverse Men; they have been confuted more than a thousand times, and their Arguments, contrary to  
the*



*the Intention of the Authors, have done no small Service to the Truth, by exposing the wretched Weakness of the Cause they espous'd, and exciting a greater Zeal and Diligence in wise and learned Men, to study Nature in all, even her most hidden Recesses, and to unravel the wonderful Appearances they meet with every-where, to the Praise and Glory of the Creator.*

WHAT excellent Treatises were wrote toward the latter End of the last Century, and since, upon this copious Subject! And with what Strength and Clearness have they prov'd the Agency of a divine Being in the Motion of the heavenly Bodies, and in the various Operations of the animal and vegetable Life! The curious Structure of many Parts of the Universe hath been more accurately explor'd, and every new Discovery arising from thence hath added greater Strength to the main Argument: In Proportion to the Depth, and Closeness of these Enquiries hath the Hand of God appear'd more visible in the Works of Nature; and whoever reads them with Attention, must be senseless, and impetrable, not to acknowledge it; nay, further, not to be religiously affected, and express his Gratitude to the su-  
B preme



*preme Cause of all Things, in frequent Acts of Worship and Adoration.*

*A TOLERABLE Conversation with Books of this Kind induced me to attempt the following Poem, not without Hopes that it may be somewhat useful and entertaining to every serious and well-disposed Reader; the Design of it being to raise in their Minds a deep and lively Sense of the Deity, by displaying the Wonders of his creative Power, and celebrating those glorious Perfections, from whence such amazing Effects proceed. How well this Design is executed, the Author with all due Submission leaves to the Judgment of others, but chiefly relies upon the Goodness and Piety of the Intention for its favourable Acceptance in the World: Such as it is, he humbly dedicates it to the Subscribers, to whom he takes this Occasion to return his most hearty Thanks for the Favour done him, in encouraging his Endeavours to so good an End; neither will this generous Encouragement be esteem'd a Kindness only to the Author, but an Indication likewise of their own pious Dispositions, as countenancing a Work of so religious a Tendency. Too oft have the Graces of Poetry been debased in adorning*  
*Persons*



The P R E F A C E.

v

*Persons and Things unworthy of them; in a Work of this Nature they are brought back, and apply'd to their primitive End and Purpose; and whatever be the Merit of the following Performance, to encourage such a Design must certainly be very commendable, and may perhaps excite a far more elevated Genius to try its utmost Efforts on so worthy and important a Subject.*

T. C.



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A



A  
Curfory VIEW  
OF THE  
CREATION, &c.

Consisting of Four PARTS.

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PART I.

---

PSALM XIX. I.

*The Heavens declare the Glory of God, and the  
Firmament sheweth his Handy-work.*

PSALM CXLVIII. 3.

*Praise him Sun and Moon, praise him all ye Stars  
and Light.*

C

A









A Curfory V I E W

OF THE

CREATION, &c.

---

P A R T I.

---



WHEN with attentive Thought and curious Eye

The various Works of Nature we survey,

Which deck the Heav'ns, and fill the airy Space,  
Which cloath the Earth, and paint her blooming Face,

Which on her Surface range, or lowly creep,  
Which wing the Sky, or glide within the Deep,  
Kinds without Number, form'd with vast Design,  
Which never from their stated Ends decline,

Of



2      *A Cursory View of the* CREATION.

Of wondrous Structure all, and big with Art,  
Both in the *Whole*, and ev'ry sep'rate *Part*,  
Made to supply our Wants, our Cares allay,  
To please our Senses, and the Mind employ,  
What cogent Reasons move us to adore  
The Goodness of the great *creative Pow'r*?  
Goodness immense, with deepest Wisdom join'd,  
The brightest Glories of th' *eternal Mind*!  
In all his Works so visibly display'd,  
So strongly stamp'd on ev'ry Thing that's made.

Urg'd by these Motives, I unmeet essay  
To sing thy Praise, O God! accept I pray  
This humble Tribute, and a Heart approve  
Warm'd with the Sense of thy transcendent Love.

From Thee our *Being* we at first receive,  
By Thee alone sustain'd we *move*, and *live*,  
In Station highest, which to Thee we owe,  
Of all the numerous living Kinds below,  
With reas'ning and reflexive Pow'rs endu'd  
To chuse our present, and our future Good,  
To trace thy Wisdom, and thy Art admire,  
To praise thy Goodness, and to Heav'n aspire,  
To



To Thee the Source of perfect Blifs and Joy,  
Pleasures which never cease, which never cloy!  
Whose own bright Image in our Frame we bear,  
Thy fav'rite Creatures, and peculiar Care ;  
Whom all the Products of thy bounteous Hand  
Assist, and serve by thy exprefs Command.

For us the glorious Sun with genial Ray  
Diffusing Warmth and Lustre, rules the Day,  
Measures out Time, and as he rolls on high,  
With varying Scenes of Beauty gilds the Sky ,  
With diff'rent Seasons regulates the Years,  
Quickens the Earth, and ev'ry Creature cheers,  
Of Light and Life an unexhausted Store !  
Form'd by thy Word, and guided by thy Pow'r.  
Or if his Station fix'd, and still the same,  
He shines the Centre of this lower Frame,  
Turns and directs by his attractive Force  
The Earth and Planets in their circling Course;  
Distributing to each revolving Sphere  
Such Heat and Light as form the vary'd Year,  
What, but thy Wisdom, could *that Place* assign?  
Or Pow'r, the flaming Globe to *that* confine?

D

What



What less than both impose *that Force*, that reins  
 These rolling Bodies thro' th' ætherial Plains,  
 Mark out the diff'rent Circles which they run,  
 The Space they measure, and the Points they shun?

At greater distance in th' unbounded Waste  
 Had this refulgent Orb of Light been plac'd,  
 With Chains of Ice and Frost perpetual bound  
 Useless the Earth had roll'd an ampler Round;  
 No liquid Streams had wore their winding way  
 In fatt'ning Rills and Rivers to the Sea:  
 No juicy Herb, Shrub, Plant, or flow'ry Food,  
 Had springing rose, and pierc'd the rigid Clod:  
 Nor tow'ring Groves had crown'd the Mountain's  
     Top,  
 Nor in the Vale had glow'd the yellow Crop:  
 Barren, deform'd, with grisly Horror fill'd,  
 Nor Man nor Beast had trod the pathless Wild:  
 Not Fowl, Fish, Insect, all the Space around  
 One Place, one Spot for Life's Support had found.

In straiter Bounds, less distant from the Sun,  
 Had the terrestrial Globe its Circuit run,

Still



Still worfe had been th' Effects of this Extreme  
Than the Defect of his refreshing Beam.  
What Creature could have born his pow'rful Ray,  
The dazzling Glow of one unclouded Day?  
What Growth, with vegetable Life endu'd,  
In verdant Bloom the burning Gleam withstood?  
Exhal'd in fervid Steams the liquid Stores,  
That pour from Springs, or drive along the Shores,  
Had left the Earth of all its Moisture drain'd,  
Reduc'd to Ashes, or a barren Sand.  
In this Position then, this fettled Mean,  
'Twixt fuch Extremes, how clear, O God! are feen,  
When fuch delightful Subjects we purfue,  
Thy wondrous Wifdom, and thy Goodnefs too!  
O may the Senfe of both our Hearts inflame  
To fing thy Praifes, and extoll thy Name!

For us the Moon in various Forms displays,  
From various Heights above, her filver Rays,  
Changing, yet constant, and a useful Guide  
To mete the fleeting Hours, and Time divide.  
True to her Points affign'd to fall or rife,  
To difappear, or meet our waking Eyes,

With



With cautious Speed she whirls her monthly  
Rounds,

Cuts the known Paths, and keeps her destin'd  
Bounds ;

Never as yet in all her winding way

Has she been known to linger or to stray :

## Observant of the Moment and the Place,

Expected the ascends with varying Face,

Now full, now less'n'd, as her present Site

Respects the Earth, and meets the solar Light,

Which funk to us beneath the fwelling Main,

**With Care she catches, and transmits again:**

Thus tho' she boasts no Splendors of her *own*,

We by her Aid enjoy the abſent Sun ;

For this kind Purpose, and to serve this End,

Do all her stated rolling Journies tend.

If now in ample Arch sublime she rides,

Now scarce above th' Orizon lowly glides,

Now in the Mean of both describes her Ring,

When chills the Autumn, and when buds the  
Spring,

# Descending, rising, and in ev'ry Height

**She keeps in view for us the Source of Light :**

Tho' pale and cool her borrow'd Beams descend,

How do they chear the Night, and Man befriend!



Whether in copious Streams directly thrown,  
Or in less plenty shot obliquely down,  
Still welcome, grateful, pleasing she appears,  
Whatever Arch she forms, or Face she wears,  
From whence'er, from glist'ning Lands or Seas,  
The watchful Eye her curving Road surveys,  
With Joy we view, and hail her friendly Ray,  
Nor long impatient for the Dawn of Day.  
Yet not to please our Sight alone design'd,  
How does she stir the active, soaring Mind,  
To trace, in these her curious useful Rings,  
The Cause from whence her Use and Motion  
    springs!  
Soon learn'd when fought! thy Hand, O God! thy  
    Skill,  
Thy ruling Care, thy all-ordaining Will!  
From whence, but Thee, most gracious, good,  
    and wise!  
Could all this Order, Art, and Beauty rise?  
From whence her Influence? which more or less  
At certain Periods all Things here confess:  
In Tides the Ocean, and in Show'rs the Air,  
In Plants the Earth her Energy declare;  
Her Energy and Force deriv'd from Thee,  
Parent of all the Good we taste or see!

E

Thyself



8      *A Cursory View of the* CREATION.

Thyself invisible! yet *known, felt, found*,  
In ev'ry thing in Earth and Heav'n around.

For us the Stars with glitt'ring Lustre glow,  
And dart their pure and subtile Beams below,  
From ev'ry Region of the azure Skies  
They meet our gazing and astonish'd Eyes;  
Like Diamonds polish'd by the Artist's Care,  
How bright they sparkle thro' the liquid Air!  
Not thicker set, nor yet with equal Rays,  
The Gems that deck the Crowns of Princes blaze.  
Delightful Ornaments! whose piercing Light  
Subdues the gloomy Horror of the Night,  
Reminds us of thy Providence from high,  
At all times watchful, and at all times nigh,  
No less presiding in the midnight Hour,  
Than when the Sun displays his radiant Pow'r.  
From Heights how vast their nimble Rays descend!  
Beyond what Thought can mete or comprehend,  
Heights above Heights! till now the scatter'd  
Light  
Too feeble grows to strike the naked Sight,  
To print the Form of ev'ry twinkling Sphere,  
Loft in the long amazing Passage here.

Who



Who yet has justly number'd those on high,  
Whose flaming Splendors reach th' *unaided* Eye?  
Or measur'd the Extent thro' which their Beams  
Descend in vig'rous and unbroken Streams?  
If then the Number and the Height of these  
Our Admiration raise; to what Degrees  
Yet higher does our growing Wonder rise?  
When *aided* and *enlarg'd* our Sight descries  
Still greater Numbers, and still higher plac'd  
In ampler Fields of Æther; till at last  
The prying Instruments begin to fail,  
Nor further to extend our Sight prevail:  
Yet leave us to suppose, and justly too,  
*A thousand thousand* more beyond our View.

What grand Ideas of thy Pow'r and Art  
Does this illustrious Scene to Man impart?  
What high and rational Delights dispense?  
How far above the Joys of brutal Sense?  
When rais'd from meaner things the studious Mind  
Expatiates o'er these Wonders unconfin'd,  
Surveys their Lustre, Number, Order, Place,  
To Heights immense spread thro' the boundless  
Space.

Or



Or if for *others* chiefly made they shine,  
 For Creatures such as Man, or more divine,  
 Plac'd by thy Hands on higher Orbs above,  
 Which nearer catch their Light, and round them  
 move :

Numberless Worlds, that roll in trackless Space,  
 To each by Thee assign'd their annual Race :  
 Such vast diffusive Goodness, heav'nly King!  
 Who can contemplate, and forbear to sing?  
 Amazing Scene! each sparkling Star a Sun,  
 Lighting, and chearing Worlds form'd like our *own*,  
 Stock'd with Inhabitants of various Kind,  
 From the slow Reptile to the reas'ning Mind?  
 If it be so, and may we not conclude  
 It so, Creator infinitely good!  
 What glorious Proofs hast Thou display'd above  
 Of an unbounded Wisdom, Pow'r, and Love,  
 Which nothing can fatigue, which act unspent,  
 And spread thy Miracles through all Extent?

Since Time began, since the first wondrous Ray  
 Shot streaming from the splendid Lamp of Day,  
 Since



*A Cursory View of the* CREATION. II

Since the first Night through glimm'ring Shades  
of Blue

Disclos'd around the infant Stars to View,  
Its Course appointed, and adjusted Pace,  
Its proper Distance, and peculiar Place,  
Each shining Orb throughout the spangled Frame  
Hath held unerring, constant, and the same:  
No Planet that adorns the spacious Void  
Hath ever from his winding Orbit stray'd,  
Nor from his central Point at first assign'd  
Hath one of all the sparkling Suns declin'd:  
Moving or fix'd, they feel thy pow'rful Sway,  
True to their Office, and thy Will obey;  
Thy Will their Law! But how that Will imprest  
Determines those to move, or these to rest,  
Or what wise Methods join'd with Pow'r produce  
All this their Order, Constancy, and Use,  
Exceeds the tow'ring Reach of human Mind,  
And baffles all its bold Attempts to find.

The more on these thy Works our Thoughts  
we spend,  
To search their Motions, Magnitude, and End,  
Still greater Wonders in our Search arise,  
Renew our Pains, and heighten our Surprise,

F

Effects



12      *A Cursory View of the CREATION.*

Effects more numerous of thy Art and Pow'r,  
 More grand, more curious than we knew before;  
 Till quite oppress'd, from searching we retire  
 To praise thy Works, and prostrate to admire;  
 To celebrate thy Name, whose pow'rful Word  
 Wrought these stupendous Miracles, O Lord!  
 Whose Care preserves them in their present State,  
 As at the first, still perfect and compleat.  
 For tho' unable clearly to unfold  
 Each distant dazzling Wonder we behold,  
 We comprehend enough for Man to know  
 In this imperfect mortal State below:  
 More than enough, to be convinc'd that none  
 But Wisdom, Goodness, Pow'r immense alone,  
 Could spread this bright celestial Arch around,  
 And give each splendent Globe its circling Bound.

What Influence from Distances so vast  
 To *us* on Earth these heav'nly Orbs may cast,  
 How they affect the Body and the Mind,  
 Single, or in peculiar Aspects join'd,  
 With too inquisitive and studious Pain  
 Aspiring Men have search'd, but search'd in vain;  
Hid



Hid from our Knowledge, O! let us forbear  
To make these Things the Subject of our Care :  
And know whate'er Effects proceed from hence,  
They act subservient to thy Providence :  
Are secret Means in thy almighty Hands,  
Employ'd to execute thy just Commands.  
Our Trust repos'd in *Thee*, vain are our Fears  
From any Site, or Aspect of the Stars :  
All by thy Order shall propitious shine,  
And for our Weal with friendly Influence join.  
Eclips'd the Regents of the Day and Night,  
Whether in part or whole veil'd from our Sight,  
Emerging from the gloomy Shade, shall rise  
More bright, more prosp'rous to our gazing Eyes.  
Harmless the blazing Comet shall appear,  
And point his awful Glories from afar :  
Harmless within our lower System roll,  
Nor break the beauteous Order of the whole ;  
No dire Events of future Ills preface,  
Of Famine, Pestilence, or hostile Rage :  
Auspicious to the World his Beams shall flow,  
And Plenty, Health and Peace shall reign below.

Good



Good in *themselves*, and for *our Good* design'd  
Are all thy Works, O God, of ev'ry Kind:  
The Ills we suffer, and so much bemoan,  
Not from *thy Will* proceed, but from our *own*;  
Whilst lawless Appetites our Reason sway,  
And we thy *Word* and *Counsel* disobey;  
Whilst in our Ways perverse we headlong run,  
And court the Dangers we are taught to shun:  
By *our own selves* betray'd, to hide our Shame,  
On Heav'n and Fate too oft we cast the Blame,  
Arraign the faultless Stars and natal Hour,  
And boldly charge them with malignant Pow'r;  
When free to chuse and act without Controul,  
By Reason's Light, and a *diviner Rule*,  
We might, depending on thy gracious Aid,  
Those much lamented Ills with ease avoid,  
And fix our Happiness on Grounds secure,  
Not to be discompos'd by any Pow'r.



A  
CURFORY VIEW  
OF THE  
CREATION, &c.

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PART II.

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PSALM CXXXV. 7.

*He bringeth forth the Clouds from the Ends of the  
World; and sendeth forth Lightnings with the  
Rain, bringing the Winds out of his Treasures.*

PSALM CXLVIII. 8.

*Fire and Hail, Snow and Vapours, Wind and  
Storm, fulfilling his Word.*

G

A









A  
CURFORY V I E W  
OF THE  
CREATION, &c.

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PART II.

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THY lower Wonders next, O G O D,  
excite  
Our grateful Praises, and the Muse  
invite;  
The pious Task she readily pursues,  
And joys the more, the more thy Works she  
views;  
Thy Wisdom and thy Love her Songs inspire,  
And Sweetness lend her willing Voice and Lyre.

What but thy Hand diffus'd the yielding Air  
Of such adjusted Fineness round our Sphere?

Whose



Whose subtile Current ev'ry Void explores,  
 And winds its way thro' Nature's secret Pores ;  
 Each animal and vegetable Tribe  
 Its soft insinuating Streams imbibe,  
 Hence fresh Supplies of Nourishment receive,  
 Hence Life and Motion, Bloom and Health derive.

Surrounded with a Fluid less refin'd,  
 Of grosser Texture, and of weightier Kind,  
 Our Eyes had labour'd with a vain Essay  
 To find the splendid Orb that guides the Day;  
 Much less should we descry those milder Lights,  
 Which in his Absence beautify the Nights;  
 Stopt by the ambient Veil, and backward thrown,  
 Their glitt'ring Rays to us had never shone,  
 Never awak'd the Mind with pious Joy  
 To sing their Author, and his Praise display :  
 How darksome, gloomy, comfortless, had been  
 The Place of Man's Abode, this earthly Scene ?  
 If yet (which from the Things we see and know,  
 Is more than our Conception can allow)  
 That denser Fluid had not quite suppress'd  
 And quench'd the vivid Lamp in Man and Beast.

Had



Panting, relax'd, and languid we had lain,  
Soon breath'd our last, or breath'd a while in Pain:  
As when reluctant drawn from their Abode,  
Their native Haunts, beneath the crystal Flood,  
The finny Kind, unable long to bear  
The Change, from watry Streams to subtle Air,  
Stretch'd on the fultry Bank now gasping lie,  
Or faintly springing tow'ards the River, die.

What Art, what Wisdom then, O G O D, but  
thine,  
Between these wide Extremes, too *gross*, too *fine*,  
H Temper'd



Temper'd and wrought to such a just degree  
This quick'ning Fluid round the Earth and Sea?

With gentle Pressure ev'ry where it tends,  
Direct, oblique, and serves a thousand Ends  
Beneficent and wise, of Thee ordain'd :  
By *This* the feather'd Race with Ease sustain'd  
In wanton Circuits flutt'ring round us play,  
Or forward point to seek or seize their Prey :  
These lowly sweep the Ground, those soar on high  
With nervous Pinions, and invade the Sky :  
In vain we look to mark their highest Flight,  
Loft in the Clouds they mock our feeble Sight.  
Some lonely in the silent Wood-Lands roam,  
Skim thro' the Forest, and delight in Gloom ;  
Others in social Tribes and close Array  
Steer their bold Course, and face the open Day;  
With Strokes of equal Time their plummy Oars  
Labour to reach a Port on foreign Shores :  
Nor vain th' Attempt ! the Sun not yet declin'd,  
They leave whole Provinces and Seas behind.

By *This* in trembling Waves convey'd from far  
Their soft melodious Accents strike our Ear,  
The



The floating Musick Woods and Caves repeat,  
Lift'ning we stop, and all our Cares forget ;  
Each Morn and Eve their Confort they renew,  
Those close conceal'd, and these in open View ;  
Thy Skill that fram'd their Organs we admire,  
And join our Praises with the warbling Choir.

Vain were the Muscles of the Eagle's Wings,  
With which he downward shoots, and upward  
springs,  
Vain too were Philomela's quav'ring Throat,  
With Art so exquisite and curious wrought,  
Had not thy Wisdom form'd and shed abroad  
O'er the Earth's Surface this aërial Flood ;  
The Muse had wanted Voice, and Sound the Lyre,  
To sing what Joy and Gratitude inspire,  
To sing thy numerous Miracles of Love,  
Thy Handy-works below, and those above.

Out of this Fluid streams the gentle Breeze  
That fans the Flow'rs, and waves the fragrant  
Trees,  
Bearing the grateful Odour on its Wings,  
Which from their Leaves, their Fruit and Blossom  
springs,

That



22      *A Cursory View of the* CREATION.

That cheers each drooping Plant, and cools the  
Day,

Hot gleaming with the Sun's intenser Ray;  
Both Man and Beast the cordial Streams inhale,  
And bless the Influence of the rising Gale.

To *This* the Origin of Winds we owe,  
Which round the Earth in stronger Currents flow,  
Most forward to fulfil thy just Command  
In dreadful Storms, and shake a guilty Land,  
Or overwhelm in the inverted Main  
Audacious Men, and their superfluous Gain;  
Yet patient of thy Check they slack their Speed,  
Now gently bend the Grove, and brush the Mead;  
With Care the humble Trader's Hopes convey  
From distant Shores along the placid Sea,  
Till safe arriv'd in Port he vents his Joy,  
And Thee adores, whom *Winds* and *Seas* obey:  
Not more obedient to th' instructive Rein  
The generous Steed, or steps, or scours the Plain,  
Than at thy Nod *These* in soft Whispers creep,  
Or with impetuous Torrents lash the Deep.

By *These*, malignant Exhalations bred  
From stagnate Waters, and the fenny Mead,  
Fly



Fly difunited, broke, and chac'd away,  
Of Pow'r depriv'd to hurt, or to annoy;  
Clean purg'd from them, the Seeds of morbid  
Woes,

The clear and springy Air salubrious flows,  
The sweet Effects in chearful Health we find,  
Vivid the Spirits, and serene the Mind;  
With Hearts more grateful, and a quicker Sense,  
We taste each Blessing which thy Hands dispense.

Wafted by *These*, the Clouds with Vapours fed  
From the wide-spreading Ocean's watry Bed,  
To distant Lands from ev'ry Quarter fly,  
And form the lower Regions of the Sky;  
Now high in Air up-born their Skirts they spread,  
Some edg'd with Silver, some suffus'd with Red;  
Bedeckt with Gold, others more glowing shine;  
In these less glaring Blue and Purple join:  
Delightful Scene! still varying as their Site  
And Form they change, and face the solar Light;  
Distinct, or finely mix'd, the sparkling Rays  
O'er the wide Vault in all their Glory blaze,  
Smit with the beauteous Sight, we bless thee, sole  
Great Architect, and Painter of the whole.



Now gently sinking down, with Cold compress'd,  
 Or with fresh Vapours rising, still increas'd,  
 The Air no longer able to sustain  
 Their Weight united, they dissolve in Rain:  
 No splendid Tints now gild the thicken'd Sky,  
 No Orange, Crimfon, or the Purple Dye;  
 Hid from our Sight their Lustre disappears,  
 And one dark Face the whole Orizon wears;  
 How greatly chang'd from that, which lately  
     shone

With all the Glories of the radiant Sun!  
 Vast Change! but O! how well dost thou repay  
 The Loss of such a glitt'ring solar Day,  
 In friendly Dews and Show'rs that feed the Earth,  
 And strengthen all her pregnant Pow'rs for Birth,  
 Recruiting her Decays and waisted Store,  
 With large and frequent Bounties render'd poor,  
 Or of her rich nutritious Juices drain'd  
 By parching Beams; new Vigour now regain'd,  
 How freely she distributes her Supplies  
 To ev'ry Seed that in her Bosom lies,  
 To ev'ry Blade, Shrub, Flow'r, and thirsty Plant,  
 To each in meet Proportion to their Want,

With



With Care maternal ! hence gay Plenty reigns,  
Hence Verdure, Bloom and Beauty crowns the  
Plains :

Surrounded with thy Blessings we rejoice,  
And sing thy Praises with united Voice.

Thus the resplendent Clouds which pleas'd the  
Sight,  
Floating aloft, and streak'd with various Light,  
Descend for greater Good, and hov'ring low,  
Obscur'd, *drop Fatness*, and thy Gifts bestow.  
Their Stores now empty'd, and decreas'd their  
Weight,  
Upwards they tow'r, and gain their former height,  
Or else not wholly spent, ere yet arise  
The driving Blasts, and clear the gloomy Skies,  
The piercing Sun breaks out, and in full Streams  
Against the Show'rs still falling darts his Beams :  
What pleasing Wonders here engage our Sight,  
Rising from these refracted Rays of Light,  
The various Colours that distinctly glow,  
And form the Splendors of the heav'nly Bow ?  
In curious Order rang'd, circling they bend,  
And o'er Hills, Towns and Plains their Arch ex-  
tend

With



# Down



Down sink the Billows to their stated Place,  
Loft in the Ocean's calm unruffled Face;  
No longer frowns the dark contracted Air,  
Loaded with Vapours and tempestuous War;  
Dispers'd the gloomy Scene, with brighter Ray  
The joyous Lamp of Light restores the Day;  
All Nature smiles, Earth, Sea, and Heav'n above,  
And smiling speaks thy wondrous Truth and Love.

If Cold prevails of more intense degree,  
Which piercing Blasts from northern Climes convey,  
Another Face and Scene of Things arise,  
Still curious, and attract our wond'ring Eyes:  
The Vapours that in Dews dissolv'd before,  
Or shed in glitt'ring Pearls the fatt'ning Show'r,  
Entangled now with icy Stores, descend  
In other Forms, and serve another End:  
Sometimes in soft expanded Flakes of Snow,  
Of meet adjusted Weight, to sink below;  
Like the curl'd Locks from tender Lambkins  
    shorn,  
Whiter than Lilies, which the Vale adorn,  
Slanting they fall in gath'ring Crowds around,  
And with increasing Heaps o'erspread the Ground.



Secure beneath this silver Mantle lies  
Shelter'd from nipping Winds and freezing Skies,  
The new-sprung Herb and Blade, the Plower's  
    Hope,  
Thy Gift, and Promise of a golden Crop;  
Safe shelter'd, till succeeds a milder Air,  
Such as each tender Growth hath Strength to bear,  
Till soothing Gales from warmer Regions spring,  
Unlock the Earth, and melting Showers bring;  
Dissolv'd by these, in liquid Currents flow  
The milky Loads on Hills, and Vales below;  
Part by the Earth imbib'd improves the Soil,  
Invig'rates Nature, and assists our Toil;  
The rest the Rivers and the Fountains swell,  
Winding their way thro' ev'ry latent Cell:  
In smaller Rills at first they gently glide,  
Now rush in Torrents from the Mountain's side,  
Enrich'd with Spoils from thence bore down with  
    Force  
Onward they roll, increasing in their Course;  
The Low-land Meads extended far and broad  
Receive o'erwhelm'd the Riches of the Flood,  
Mead after Mead down to the distant Main,  
Thro' Realms where rarely falls the fruitful Rain,  
  That



That Want compensated with richer Stores  
Than what descend direct in plenteous Show'rs :  
Thus water'd, how profuse each Stem, Herb, Root,  
Plant, Tree, within the winding Valley shoot !  
Distinguish'd Plenty marks the mellow'd Grounds,  
And its Attendant Joy throughout abounds,  
In Hymns of Praise, thee Source of all their Good,  
Each grateful Heart elate proclaims abroad.

At other times, of varied Shape and Size  
The rattling Hail darts from the clouded Skies,  
Once liquid Drops, 'ere yet transfix'd with Cold,  
That ties the Fluid with pervading Hold,  
Now Stones of Substance firm, pointed or round,  
How thick they fall, and hide the batter'd Ground !  
Though under Covert, and in close Retreat,  
Startled we hear the noisy Tempest beat ;  
Known Instrument of Justice in thy Hand  
To punish Vice, and waste a Rebel Land ;  
To check the Pride of those that dare deny  
Thy Godhead, and thy Pow'r supreme defy.  
This *Egypt* felt when haughty *Pharaoh* reign'd,  
And thee *Jehovah*, and thy Word disdain'd ;

Hurl'd



Hurl'd down with Fury and vindictive Wrath,  
 Each pond'rous icy Bolt was speedy Death;  
 Men, Beasts, and Fowls, without distinction slain,  
 Promiscuous fell, and strew'd the open Plain.  
 Taught by thy Judgments thus, O! may *We* fear  
 Thy awful Pow'r, and Majesty revere!  
 To Fear Obedience join, and make thy Will  
 Our Rule of Life, our Pleasure to fulfill!  
 Sure Method to avert thy dreadful Ire,  
 And gain those Blessings which our Souls desire;  
 Life, Safety, Peace, Delight and Happiness,  
 Thy Favour follow, and thy Fav'rites blefs;  
 To other Lands shall fly each dreaded Ill,  
 There Earthquakes swallow, Plague and Famine  
 kill;  
 There dire *Egyptian* Hail, or such as smote  
 In *Canaan's* Plain the Host which *Israel* fought,  
 That numerous Host by five proud Monarchs led,  
 To pieces dash'd, as from the Sword they fled  
 Far less destructive: harmless *here* and small  
 The hoary Pebbles from the Clouds shall fall,  
 Rebounding lightly, as in wanton Play,  
 On the Earth's Surface, and dissolv'd away,  
 In creeping Streams shall feed the craving Ground,  
 Renew its Strength, and make its Fruits abound.  
 As



As yet remains of all thy Works that fill  
The airy Regions, and obey thy Will,  
Tho' great and wondrous all, celestial King!  
Far the most awful and august to sing.  
When Clouds with Clouds oppress'd, up-rais'd on  
high,  
Discharge thy Thunder thro' the gloomy Sky:  
When Lightning flashes with a sudden Blaze,  
And round us shoots its keen and subtle Rays:  
Unmov'd who hears the Crack, or sees the Flame?  
Who not regards thy Pow'r? not fears thy Name?  
Such Majesty in both display'd abroad  
Imprints, how deep! the Awe of thee, O GOD!  
The proudest Tyrant trembles at th' Alarm,  
And owns the Signal of thy *out-stretch'd Arm*:  
More humbled than the Slaves that wait his Calls,  
Submits to thee he bends, he prostrate falls:  
Doubts if the pointed Fire, that rends the Skies,  
At his devoted Head directed flies:  
Awaits th' Event aghast, hence learns to pray,  
And thee, the King of Kings, due Homage pay.



Each guilty Wretch, of ev'ry Rank and Kind,  
 Feels the same Terror and Distress of Mind;  
 Thy piercing Wonders reach his inmost Soul,  
 And raise a Dread which nothing can controul;  
 Awak'd his Conscience, with redoubled Force  
 Exerts her Pow'r, and stings him with Remorse:  
 Expands the Volume that records his Crimes,  
 Their Nature, Manner, Guilt, their Place, their  
 Times:

Urges each painful Circumstance severe,  
 And bids him for the flaming Stroke prepare.  
 Virtue itself in such a dreadful Hour  
 Turns pale a while, scarce deems herself secure:  
 Scarce trusts her Worth, her Innocence, thy Care,  
 Smit on a sudden, and surpriz'd with Fear;  
 Till Time and Recollection lend their Aid,  
 Recall her Courage, and her Fears upbraid;  
 With humble Confidence she then relies  
 On thee great Ruler of the angry Skies,  
 Whose are the Thunder and the piercing Ray,  
 Whose Will they execute, whose Word obey.  
 Whilst others shook with abject, servile Dread,  
 Hear the loud Tumult bursting o'er their Head,



With Horror fancy the ætherial Dart  
Unerring aim'd to pierce their trembling Heart ;  
Compos'd the views the dismal Scene above,  
Safe in thy Kindness and paternal Love ;  
With filial Boldness thy Regard implores,  
Trusts in thy Goodness, and thy Pow'r adores.  
So when the Top of sacred *Sinai* flam'd,  
And Trumps of Angels thy Descent proclaim'd,  
Shock'd at the first, amidst the general Dread  
Thro' all th' affrighted Host of *Israel* spread,  
The Heart of *Moses* seiz'd with Trembling fail'd,  
Till o'er his Fears his Trust in thee prevail'd ;  
By *This* sustain'd, thy Summons he obey'd,  
No longer at the Sight or Sound dismay'd,  
Up to the blazing Summit climb'd his way,  
And fac'd the Terrors of that awful Day.

Who sees not in these Wonders deep Design ?  
Not traces Wisdom join'd with Pow'r divine ?  
Thus vain, aspiring, heady Mortals aw'd,  
Are taught to fear, and bow to thee their God :  
Dread the proud Thought of piling up on high  
Mountains on Mountains to th' opposing Sky :

Feel



34     *A Cursory View of the* CREATION.

Feel their own Weakness, and with suppliant Knee  
Thy Favour court, and learn to trust on thee.

Two Master-Passions in our Bosoms beat,  
Quick their Emotion, and their Impulse great;  
That *Love*, this *Fear*, coæval with our Make,  
Which diff'rent Objects more or less awake;  
By thee implanted both, how wise, how good  
The Ends they serve, when rightly understood!  
By *This* alarm'd, when Danger presses near,  
We fly, or guarded, for th' Attack prepare,  
Consult our Safety in the wisest Ways,  
Preserve our Being, and prolong our Days.  
By *That* excited we each Good embrace,  
And thee, the Source of all that's good, we trace;  
Hence springs Delight, and Joys of ev'ry Kind,  
That warm the Breast, and elevate the Mind:  
With these two ruling Passions in our Frame,  
*This* given to check, and *that* the Heart inflame,  
How fitly suit these wondrous Works of thine!  
How justly correspond with their Design!  
In all th' ætherial Tracts, which circling wide  
Embrace and bound the Earth on ev'ry side,

What

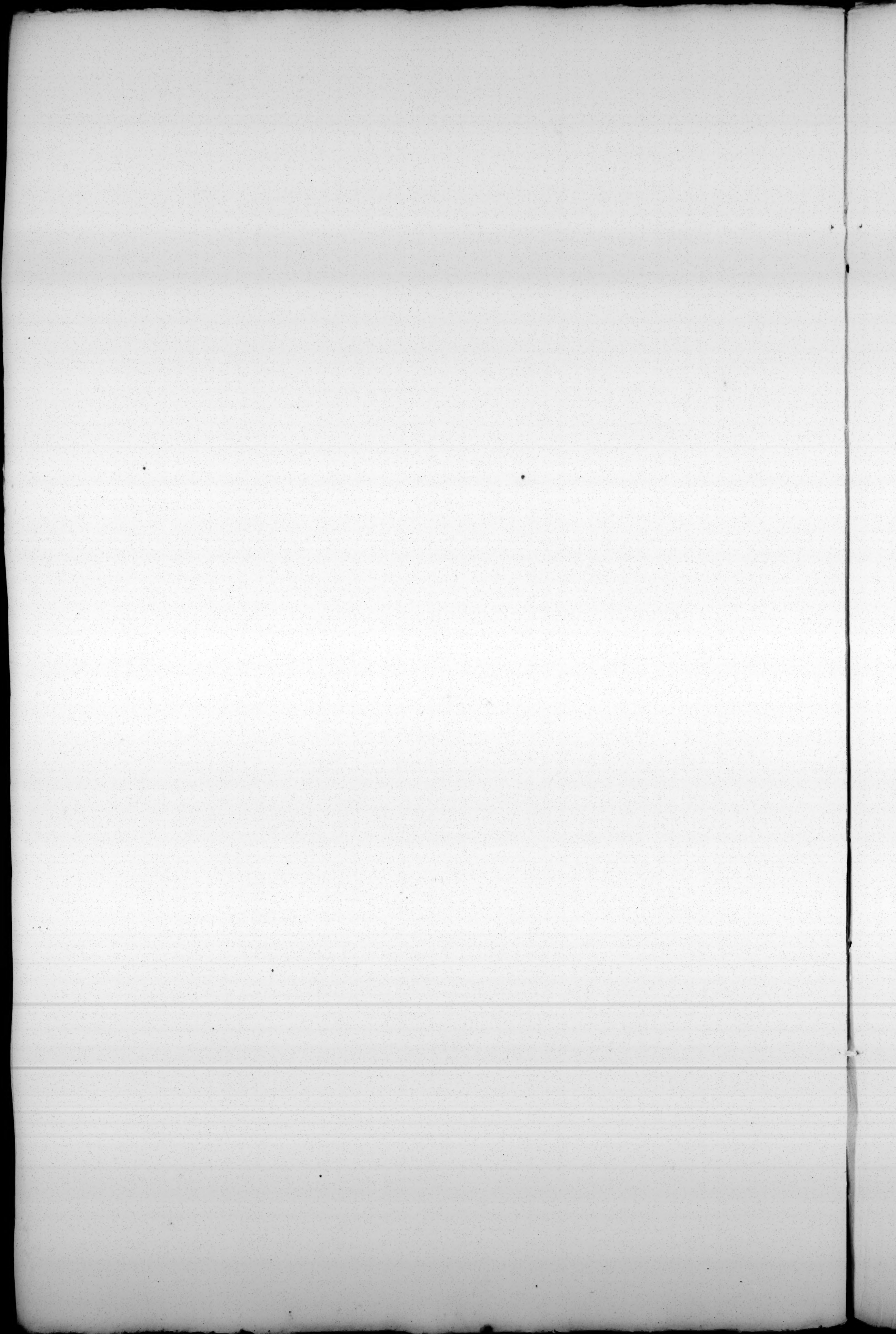


What see we but Effects, that loud proclaim  
Art, Wisdom, Goodness, Grandeur, Pow'r supreme?  
How does the Beauty and the Use of these  
Our Eyes and Thoughts attract, affect and please!  
From them our Eyes, our Thoughts, and Love we  
raise

To thee their Author, and their Author praise;  
How amiable! how worthy to be sung!  
From whom these beauteous Works of Wonder  
sprung.

What Majesty and Awe do *those* display!  
Arms of thy Justice and almighty Sway!  
Brandish'd on high, impatient to descend  
To execute thy Will, and serve their End;  
How dreadful! yet how proper to restrain  
Each guilty Purpose and Attempt in Man,  
Too apt to deviate wide, and quit his Sphere,  
Forget his Station, and new *Babels* rear!  
Thus to our Good, as their sole Aim and End,  
Do all thy Works, O God! conspire and tend;  
*These* which the Soul with Fear and Terror move,  
As well as *Those* which raise Delight and Love.







A  
CURSORY VIEW  
OF THE  
CREATION, &c.

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PART III.

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PSALM CIV. 24.

O LORD, how manifold are thy Works! In Wisdom  
hast thou made them all; the Earth is full of thy  
Riches.

PSALM CXLVIII. 9, 10.

Praise the Lord upon Earth ----- Mountains and all  
Hills, fruitful Trees, and all Cedars, Beasts, and  
all Cattle, Worms, and feather'd Fowls.









A  
Curfory V I E W  
OF THE  
CREATION, &c.

---

P A R T III.

---



FROM Tract's aërial and the varied Sky,  
From wondrous Scenes of Art display'd on high,  
To view thy Works on Earth the  
Muse descends,  
To search their Uses, and to trace their Ends.  
*Thy Praise* her Aim, O GOD! of that alone  
Studious she sings, regardless of her *own*;  
Content if haply she may touch the Heart  
Of some, tho' few, with what her Lays impart,

N

Kindle



Kindle in them a Spark of those bright Flames  
Which warm her Breast when she thy Praise pro-  
claims.

Where-e'er we cast our Eyes, where-e'er we tread,  
Marks of thy Skill and Goodness we may read,  
The fair Impressions ev'ry Object bears,  
And *Thee Creator* solemnly declares;  
Not the minuteft Worm, nor lowest Plant,  
Thy meanest Works, such Evidences want;  
Ev'n these, when nicely view'd, our Wonder raise,  
And join their Fellow-Creatures in thy Praise:  
With fundry Gifts and diff'rent Strokes of Art  
Distinguish'd, ev'ry Kind sustains a Part  
In this great Chorus; Thee, their only Theme,  
They sing incessant, and record thy Name.

This pond'rous Earth itself, from whose rich  
Womb  
Such Wonders spring of varied Life and Bloom,  
Whether at rest, or round its Axis hurl'd,  
Planet, or Centre of this lower World,  
By nought furrounded but the yielding Air,  
What is't that props or guides with so much Care?

If



If fix'd and motionless, what but thy Hands  
On such Foundations fix'd it, where it stands?  
So pois'd the Whole, tho' fram'd of diff'rent Parts,  
That from its State and Site it never starts,  
Compacted, steddily, firm? Or if it run  
Revolv'd an annual Circle round the Sun,  
Insensibly to us, with even Pace,  
Bearing us smoothly thro' the op'ning Space;  
To what, O GOD! but thy almighty Pow'r  
Can we ascribe its wide celestial Tour,  
The Force which drives and checks it as it rolls,  
Which gives it Speed, and which that Speed controuls,  
With straiten'd Reins confines it to its Bounds,  
To run at equal Times its spacious Rounds?

No less apparent in its Form and Face  
Thy Hand and Art the studious Thought may  
trace:

Why *spherical* its Form, but that it tends  
To wiser Purposes and better Ends?  
Thus fram'd, its Surface more capacious spreads  
In Seas, Lakes, Rivers, Woods, and flow'ry Meads,  
More equally receives the solar Rays,  
In juster Measure parts the Nights and Days,

Gives



Kindle in them a Spark of those bright Flames  
Which warm her Breast when she thy Praise pro-  
claims.

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More equally receives the solar Rays,  
In juster Measure parts the Nights and Days,  
Gives



42      *A Cursory View of the* CREATION.

Gives to the cooling Breeze and cleansing Wind  
A Currency more free and unconfin'd ;  
Itself more firm in *this*, and steddier far  
Than any *other Figure* it could wear.

- “ Yet why not ev’ry where *exactly* round ?  
“ Why even *here*, and *there* uneven found ?  
“ Why rise the Mountains with their threat’ning  
Heads,  
“ Obstruct our Sight, and stretch their gloomy  
Shades ?  
“ Why gaping underneath their rugged Brow  
“ Descend as far wide Cavities below ?

To hasty, careless, and incurious Eyes,  
Not meet to judge where Use and Beauty lies,  
This varied Outside and external Frame,  
Rude, artless, and mis-shap’d perhaps may seem ;  
Perhaps give ground for question, whether ought  
But thoughtless Chance th’ unequal Structure  
wrought ?

Not so to the judicious, searching Mind,  
That weighs the Use of Things, and Ends design’d,  
That studies Nature in her curious Schemes,  
The Method she pursues, and Good she aims,

To



To such as clear thy Goodness, Wisdom, Care  
In *this*, as in thy other Works appear.

If undiversify'd with Hill and Dale,  
The lofty Mountain, and the humble Vale,  
With deep Receptacles for watry Stores,  
With level Downs, high Cliffs, and sloping Shores,  
The Earth had one smooth spreading Convex  
    been,  
The same in all its Parts the Form and Scene,  
How ill consulted in that fancy'd Plan  
Had been the Good and Benefit of Man?  
How ill his Pleasure? if we can conceive  
How Man could in that State subsist and live.  
Without Descent could purling Fountains flow,  
Unite their Streams, and into Rivers grow?  
Could these through distant Lands their Stores  
    convey,  
No Vale subsiding for their curving way?  
Had no wide Channels open'd to contain  
The great collected Waters of the Main,  
That constant Source of Vapours which arise  
Exhal'd from thence, and cool the sultry Skies,  
Which form the Clouds, and as they float above,  
By various Winds to various Climates drove,

O

Now



Now shed the fresh'ning Dew, now copious pour  
 In pearly Drops the soaking fertile Show'r,  
 What Sort or Kind of vegetable Birth  
 Had sprung and flourish'd to adorn the Earth,  
 Put forth the juicy Blade to feed the Beast,  
 Or blossom'd into Fruit for Man's Repast?  
 Owe we not ev'ry Growth of ev'ry Soil  
 Self-shooting, or improv'd by human Toil,  
 To the descending Riches of the Clouds,  
 Or to the fatt'ning Streams of swelling Floods?  
 Without these Aids Nature had strove in vain  
 To raise the meanest Plant that decks the Plain.

By Chance, and not to serve a gracious End,  
 Do then th' exalted Hills aloft ascend?  
 When the thin Vapours by their rising Tops  
 Condens'd distill around in lucid Drops,  
 With genial Moisture swell the sprouting Seeds,  
 And cloath with blooming Herbs the florid Meads.

When to their hanging Slopes and craggy Brows  
 Each murm'ring Brook and pouring River owes  
 The Source, from whence in crooked Roads below  
 Its fruitful and refreshing Currents flow.

When



When on their funny Sides the rip'ning Corn  
Delightful waves, in greater Plenty born,  
Or clust'ring Vines with stronger Vigour shoot,  
And pay our Culture with a richer Fruit.

When from their tow'ring Heights our Eyes  
command  
The wide extended Tracts of varied Land,  
Survey at once whole Provinces around  
With liberal Nature's beauteous Blessings crown'd,  
Numberless Prospects, which attract the Sight,  
Scene after Scene, and still with fresh Delight!

When on their steepy Surface spring profuse  
A thousand Growths of salutary Use,  
Which spreading Lawns beneath refuse to bear,  
Distinct in Soil, in Heat, and ambient Air.

When their capacious Bowels deep explor'd  
Another Sort of wondrous Births afford,  
Those numerous Kinds, those rich abundant Stores  
Of curious Minerals, and metallic Ores,

Of



46     *A Cursory View of the* CREATION.

Of diff'rent Uses all, yet ev'ry Kind  
For Ends beneficent to Man design'd,  
From the dark Fossil to the sparkling Vein,  
From Beds of Iron to the golden Mine.

What Weakness then and Folly Man betrays  
Whene'er thy Works he questions, or thy Ways?  
More clearly found all-bounteous, wise and good,  
The nearer search'd, and better understood.

Contemptible to some perhaps and vile  
May seem the Ground we tread, this earthly Soil,  
Deform'd appear, and wrought without Design,  
A Work of Matter blindly mov'd, not thine:  
Yet here in this the penetrating Mind  
Thy Wisdom and thy Goodness too may find.  
Did an exterior Glebe of lighter Mould,  
More yielding to the Tread the Earth enfold,  
Wanting Coherence firm, would it sustain  
The lab'ring Beast, or lesser Weight of Man?  
Or could it form one Tract of useful Land,  
The whole a squalid Bog, or crumbling Sand?



A harder Surface did it spread around,  
Of Substance more compact, and closer bound,  
What tender Blade or Plant could force its way  
With springing Verdure thro' the rigid Clay?  
Vain were our Culture, vain the painful Toil  
To raise the Furrow, and invert the Soil:  
Moulded to this Consistence then between  
These two Extremes in so *exact* a Mean,  
How strongly does it prove, how loudly speak  
The Hand of wise Contrivance in its Make?

Vile shall we call it? when with pregnant Stores  
Replete, such Riches it profusely pours,  
Unnumber'd Tribes of milky Herbs, that feed  
The herding Cattle, and adorn the Mead:  
Of fragrant Flow'rs with ev'ry Beauty streakt,  
Which the most lively Colours can effect:  
Of juicy Plants and Roots, which yield us Food,  
Or Health restore, with healing Pow'rs endu'd:  
Of spicy Shrubs, whose Wood, Bark, Leaves and  
Blows

Perfume each Gale that fans their limber Boughs;

P

Of



Of stately Trees, that rise with graceful Heads,  
 Repel the Heat, and form delightful Shades;  
 Or such as lowly bend their tender Shoots,  
 And court our Hands to pluck their mellow'd  
     Fruits.

Vile shall we call it, when its furrow'd Face  
 Restores each trusted Seed with such Increase?  
 So well requites those Labours, which display  
 Its teeming Bosom to the open Day?  
 How thick burst forth to fight the quick'ned  
     Grains,  
 How speedily succeed the Sower's Pains  
 In pointed Blades aspiring, and conceal  
 The russet Furrows with a verdant Veil!  
 Delightful to behold! ere long to rise  
 In Scenes more gay, and grateful to our Eyes,  
 When now the bearded Ears their Spires unfold,  
 And change the fading Green to fulgent Gold:  
 From far their Wealth the Plains and Valleys show,  
 Smile in the Plenty, and with Lustre glow,  
 Invite the hardy Reapers to the Toil,  
 To whet the Scythe, and seize the tempting Spoil;  
 Beneath their steady Arms extended wide  
 The copious Burthens fall on ev'ry side,



From Day to Day incessant they proceed,  
Joy elevates their Hearts, Joy wings their Speed,  
Till measur'd by their Steps each spacious Field  
Bow to their Strokes, and all its Treasures yield;  
Thy Gifts, O gracious GOD! to thee belongs  
For all these Stores the Tribute of our Songs,  
For ev'ry useful, beauteous, foodful Birth,  
That issues blooming from the pregnant Earth;  
From thee that pregnant genial Pow'r proceeds  
Which quickens and dilates the bursting Seeds,  
Which forms the Fibres, and the piercing Root,  
The Trunk, Branch, Leaf, the Blossom, and the  
Fruit.

What Cause, or Causes joining, could produce,  
Without thy Hand, such Works of Art and Use?  
Such as are found, when search'd and closely view'd,  
As curious, as beneficent and good.  
By thee imparted to the Earth, the Air,  
The Dew, the Rain, the Sun, and silver Star,  
Their proper Energies, they but fulfill  
In what they act, thy Counsel, and thy Will;  
All Instruments, which thy great Hand directs,  
And *thine*, however seeming *theirs*, th' Effects;

Be



50     *A Cursory View of the* CREATION.

Be *thine* the Praises then, all-gracious G O D !  
Who pour'st thy Riches so profuse abroad,  
Who deck'st the Hill, the Valley, and the Plain,  
With Products of such Benefit to Man.

In swelling Clusters here the limber Vine  
Presents the Grape for Food, or chearful Wine,  
Supply'd with clasping Tendrels to embrace  
The friendly Prop, and bear the rich Increase ;  
Inestimable Boon, where Temperance rules,  
And all our lawless Appetites controuls !

There glows the Orange with its golden Rind,  
On verdant Boughs beneath the Weight inclin'd,  
Fragrant as fine ! of Fruits among the first  
That please the Palate, and allay the Thirst.

There vie in Flavour and in Form with each,  
The smooth-skinn'd Nect'rine, and the downy  
Peach,  
With Purple ting'd, and Strokes of Crimfon Red,  
How exquisitely gay and tempting spread !

There



There scarce inferior from the bending Sprig  
Depend the Plumb, the Apple, and the Fig,  
Invite us with their Richness, Sight and Taste,  
To heap the Board, and crown the dubious Feast.

There boasts its Usefulness, nor boasts in vain,  
The juicy Olive with its pallid Stain,  
If not in Fineness, yet in *that* it yields  
To none the choicest Products of the Fields.

There spread their pond'rous Arms the solid  
Oaks,  
And strike their Roots deep thro' the clefted Rocks;  
Proud of their mighty Strength and stately Form,  
They seem to brave the Rage of Wind and Storm.

There rise sublime, and meet the Clouds above,  
The taper Firrs, the Beauty of the Grove;  
Near, or from far, we view with wond'ring Eye  
Their spiring Tops wave in the airy Sky.

There breathe their Odours thro' the Silvan  
Scene  
The Cedar's comely Branches, ever green,

Q

Whose



52     *A Cursory View of the* CREATION.

Whose precious Wood no Canker-worms annoy,  
Nor all-consuming Time and Years destroy.

There flourish, and with equal Justice claim  
The Muse's Notice to applaud thy Name,  
The Pine, Elm, Ash, the Cypress, and the Lime,  
With others numberless; to ev'ry Clime  
Peculiar Tribes, still fairest seen to grow  
Where first their Parent-Seeds thy Hand did sow.

But who the curious Labour can sustain  
Thoroughly to trace, and justly to explain  
Those Multitudes of wondrous Growths that  
shade

The lofty Mountain, and the Low-land Mead,  
Their Uses, Beauties, Properties, and Frame  
Preserv'd, as first assign'd to each, the same?  
O'erwhelm'd with this Variety, the Muse  
Doubtful amidst such Numbers which to chuse,  
Selects a few, that with the rest impart  
Delightful Proofs of thy creative Art;  
The pious Song do thou, O GOD! approve,  
Which flows from ardent Zeal, and grateful Love.

To



To other Objects turn'd, she now surveys  
What *more* thy Goodness and thy Skill displays,  
Thy *living Works*, which stock the fruitful Earth,  
Of ev'ry Region, ev'ry Clime the Birth,  
Which bear in clearer Characters thy Name,  
And plainer speak the Cause from whence they  
came.

From Man, thy Image, to the crawling Worm,  
What various Kinds in Structure, Size and Form  
Traverse the Vale, the Forest, and the Lawn,  
From Morn till Eve, from Evening to the Dawn,  
By thee directed each a proper way  
To seek their Food, their Pleasure, and their Prey?  
Who can declare their Numbers? who describe  
The Difference of ev'ry Sort and Tribe?  
Known to thyself alone! whose Pow'r and Art  
Gave Life to each, and fashion'd ev'ry Part;  
Whose Bounty, in Proportion to their Needs,  
Provides for all, and ev'ry Creature feeds.

Of all the numerous Kinds that creep, walk, fly,  
Move on the Earth, or roam the open Sky,  
Not



54     *A Cursory View of the CREATION.*

Not one we find, when view'd with studious Care,  
 That does not in its Make and Nature wear  
 That Evidence of thy creating Hand,  
 Which Reason is not able to withstand;  
 Adapted to their Being, Use and State,  
 All share the Pow'rs which render them complete,  
 That Strength, Sagacity, Shape, Size and Speed  
 Which suits them best, and what they mostly need,  
 Confess'd in each, such Art and Wisdom shine,  
 As prove the Work and Structure must be thine;  
 As perfect in the Insect, Bee, or Ant,  
 As in the Camel, Ox, and Elephant;  
 In the swift Roe-buck and the tim'rous Hare,  
 As in the Lion, Tiger, and the Bear;  
 In the House-Sparrow, Linnet, and the Wren,  
 As in the Ostrich, Eagle, and the Crane;  
 Equally perfect in the small and great,  
 The tame, the wild, the fierce, the slow and fleet.

Ten thousand Wonders open to our View,  
 When we these Searches frequently renew,  
 Inspect the Parts peculiar to each Sort,  
 How fitted for their Safety and Support,

For



For seeking and attaining all that tends  
To constitute their Good, and serve their Ends ;  
When we observe that Painting and Array  
Which some, surpassing human Art, display ;  
That Symmetry of Form so well design'd,  
So perfectly express'd in ev'ry Kind :  
When we remark that inbred Art that guides  
Each Sense, and over ev'ry Act presides,  
Dictates unerring what to shun or chuse,  
Nor leaves them Pow'r its Dictates to refuse ;  
Confines the diff'rent Sexes to embrace  
Their proper Kind, and spread their genuine Race,  
Preserve their Species as they first began,  
Worms, Fish, Fowls, Beasts, progressive up to Man ;  
Which teaches and impells them to prepare  
With Pains unwearied and the fondest Care,  
The most commodious Places where to lay  
And lodge their tender Brood by Night or Day,  
To feed, to tend, to nurse them, and defeat  
Each wily Foe that threatens their Retreat ;  
Again instructs them when to quit their Charge,  
Leave them to range the Earth and Air at large,  
Shift for themselves, and for themselves provide,  
The same their Nature, and the same their Guide.



Instinct we call the Principle from whence  
 Proceed their Care and penetrating Sense,  
 Their Quickness to distinguish for their Good,  
 From Poison Physick, and the wholsom'st Food;  
 Their Foresight, Cunning, and each ready Wile,  
 By which they shun the Fleet, and Strong beguile.  
 But when we seek that Instinct to explain,  
 Excluding thee, we seek and strive in vain;  
 For Reas'ning, Inconsistences advance,  
 And Truth oppose with Pride and Ignorance:  
 To thee that ruling Principle they owe,  
 That wondrous Art which in their Acts they show,  
 From thee deriv'd, by thee alone imprest,  
 It guides them all, from biggest to the least.

Subject to Man, and chiefly for his Use,  
 Thy Hands have form'd in Plenty thus profuse  
 The sev'ral Species of the brutal Kind,  
 To him the Property of all assign'd.  
 What Numbers, to sustain and feed him, rove  
 O'er the wide Plain, or shelter in the Grove,  
 To cloath and deck him with their beauteous  
     Spoils,  
 To yield him Service, and relieve his Toils?

Here



Here bleating Flocks in curling Fleeces clad  
Whiten the Surface of the springing Mead :  
In Herds as spreading there the lowing Breed  
Extracting Milk from flow'ry Carpets feed :  
Here neigh the vig'rous Steeds, and paw the  
Ground,  
For hardy Labour and for Speed renown'd :  
There stately treads the slow, but painful Steer,  
And there exulting bounds the nimble Deer :  
Down to the lowest Animals from these,  
Tribe under Tribe dispos'd in nice Degrees,  
What great Variety of Sorts we find  
For the same gracious Purposes design'd ?  
And shall we say the rest were made in vain,  
Or not for any Good and Use to Man,  
When they exhibit to his careful Sight  
Such Proofs, so full of Wonder and Delight,  
As shew thy Hand in all their Parts and Frame,  
And furnish ampler Grounds to praise thy Name ?

As much the smallest of the living Kind,  
When near examin'd by the piercing Mind,  
Declare thy Art and Pow'r, as those whose Size  
For Bulk and Magnitude attracts our Eyes;

Or



58      *A Cursory View of the CREATION.*

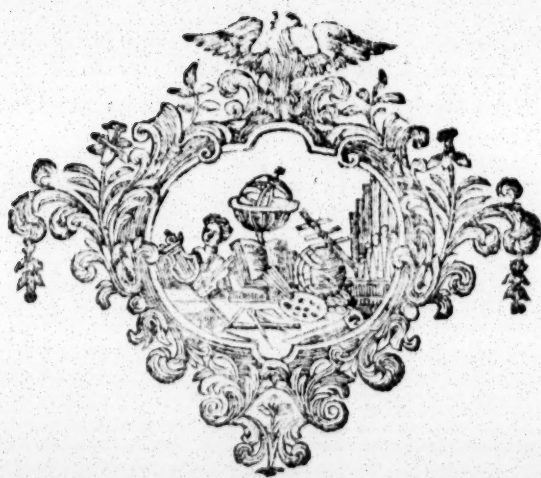
Or rather, does not greater Wonder seize  
The curious Searcher, when these Works he  
                 weighs,  
The living Atoms, which the mortal Eye  
Unaided is not able to descry?  
How very subtile and extremely fine  
Must be the Parts that in their Structure join,  
Each Muscle, Nerve, and Ligament, that suit  
And form the *Whole* of Creatures so minute!  
But then the Parts which still those Parts compose,  
Or winding Stream which in each Vessel flows,  
More fine and subtile still! what lab'ring Stretch  
Of human Fancy can pursue and reach?  
Not more the vast immeasurable Space,  
Where Worlds unnumber'd run their stated Race,  
Astonishes the deep-revolving Thought,  
Than these stupendous Works in *Little* wrought,  
In *Little* infinite! nor more displays  
The boundless Pow'r and Wisdom of thy Ways.

Smit with these Prodigies, we prostrate fall,  
And own thy great Perfections shew'd in all;  
In these, and ev'ry Product of thy Hand,  
They strike resistless, and our Songs demand:

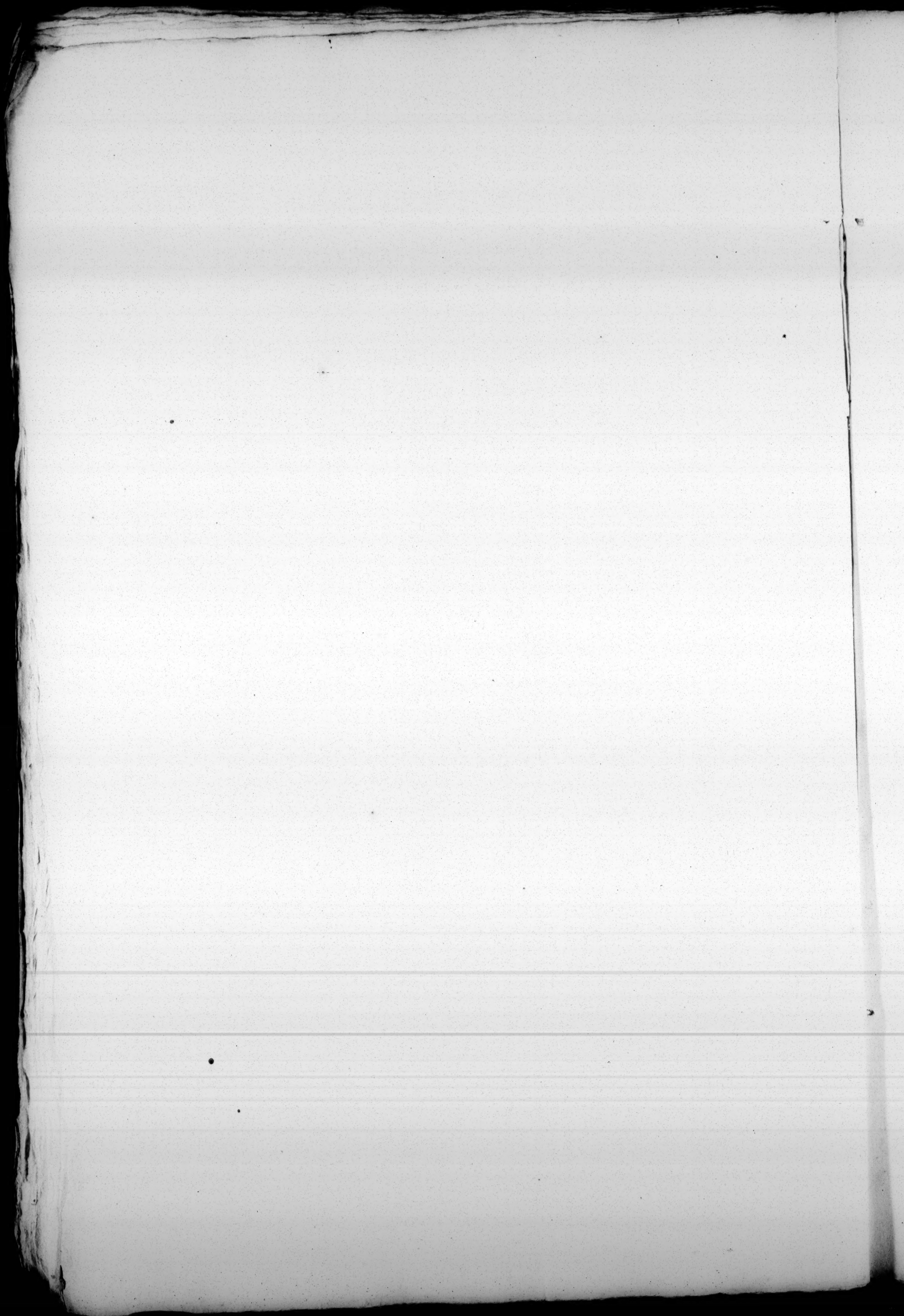
Whether



Whether distinguish'd most throughout the Whole  
Thy Art, or Pow'r, or Goodness over-rule,  
Or equally united they combine,  
And in thy Works with equal Lustre shine,  
We feel the Force of each, and feeling raise  
Our Hearts to thee in Hymns of ardent Praise.









A  
CURFORY VIEW  
OF THE  
CREATION, &c.

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PART IV.

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PSALM cvii. 23, 24.

*Those that go down to the Sea in Ships, and occupy  
their Business in great Waters, these Men see  
the Works of the LORD, and his Wonders in  
the Deep.*









A  
Cursory V I E W  
O F T H E  
C R E A T I O N, &c.

---

P A R T IV.

---



S yet reserv'd another Task the Muse  
Attempts unwearied, and with Joy  
pursues;

Scarce more delighted when with won-  
d'ring Eye

She view'd and sung thy glorious Works on high,  
Or rang'd the blooming Earth, selecting there  
What most proclaim thy Hand and ruling Care,

T

Fit



64     *A Cursory View of the CREATION.*

Fit Themes for Song, of Mountain, Vale, and Plain  
The curious Growths, and Creatures they contain:  
Thy Wonders of the Deep she now surveys,  
And makes the pleasing Subject of thy Praise.

What Wisdom, or what Pow'r, but *thine*, O GOD!  
Could spread this liquid Element abroad,  
In such Dimensions stretch its Arms around,  
Adjust its Empire, and prescribe its Bound?

With Surface more diffusive had it roll'd,  
In broader Channels pour'd, and less controul'd,  
Proportion'd to that Space, a larger Store  
Of humid Vapours, by the solar Pow'r  
Exhal'd from thence, must have dissolv'd in Rain,  
And with impetuous Currents choak'd the Plain;  
Each streaming Brook and River must have rose  
To greater, prouder Heights than now it flows,  
In Floods more fierce and frequent lawless swell'd,  
And ravag'd ev'ry Growth that cloaths the Field.

In straiter Limits had it been confin'd,  
(An ampler Surface to the Land assign'd)

Less



Less Quantities of watry St eams of course  
Must have been drawn from this contracted  
Source,

Less Stores for moist'ning Dews and soaking  
Show'rs

To cool the Earth, and help her genial Pow'rs,

To feed the Springs of ev'ry purling Rill,

Supply the Rivers, and their Channels fill.

From this Defect who sees not, that reflects,

What Evils had ensu'd, what dire Effects?

Less soften'd with the Fatness of the Clouds,

And with the gather'd Spoils of rising Floods,

Could the extended Land have spread that Bloom,

Or pour'd such copious Riches from its Womb,

Herbs, Shrubs, Fruits, Flow'rs and Grain, with  
such Increase

That now diversify and deck its Face,

Sustain the Life of every thing which moves,

Which treads the Lawn, or thro' the Æther roves?

Wither'd with parching Drought, its flow'ry Pride

And all its verdant Glories must have dy'd.

Thy Counsel then, O GOD! and pow'rful Hand  
It was that fix'd the Bounds of Sea and Land,

Diffus'd



Diffus'd the Surfaces of each abroad  
In such just Measure for the general Good.  
By thy Appointment flows the rolling Tide,  
Gains its known Heights, then hastens to subside :  
Thy Laws immutable its Motions steer,  
Both in its ebbing Flight and full Career ;  
Constant in each, it readily obeys,  
And in its Use and Wonders speaks thy Praise.

Indulg'd with greater freedom, had it swell'd  
Above those fettled Heights, where now with-  
held  
It stops submiss, whole Kingdoms fertile now  
In ev'ry Gift which Nature can bestow,  
Buried beneath the rising Waves had lain  
A fruitless Portion of th' extended Main.

Short of th' establish'd Bound'ries had it flow'd,  
Its Progress by a quicker Check withstood,  
Could it have answer'd those commodious Ends  
For which its present curling Stream ascends,  
To fill the Bay, to raise the River's Height,  
And bear within the Land the pond'rous Freight,  
The



The Wealth of ev'ry distant Clime and Soil,  
Each curious Work of human Skill and Toil,  
Whatever Art or Nature can produce  
To bless the World with Benefit and Use?  
How visible in this, O GOD! appear  
Thy Arm almighty, and presiding Care!  
"To this determin'd Point thy Waves, O Sea!  
"Ascend, be this thy Bound; return, obey;  
"Alternate be thy Course to rise and fall,  
"So serve the general Weal, the Good of all.  
Thus spoke, and thus ordain'd thy Will supreme,  
(Of all our Songs how fit, how just the Theme!)  
Which Love and Wisdom infinite directs,  
To work these great and wonderful Effects.

Impregnated with Salt, its restless Stream  
Rolls uncorrupted, pure, and still the same;  
Yet from its briny Face fresh Steams alone  
Yields to the Vigour of th' attracting Sun;  
In airy Vehicles buoy'd up on high,  
With gilded Clouds they fill the vaulted Sky,  
Tow'ring aloft, ere long to fall again,  
And bless the World in kindly Dews and Rain.

U

Who



68     *A Cursory View of the* CREATION.

Who gave that Power to the glowing Beam  
To draw fresh Vapours from the briny Stream?  
Or to the Air, to hold them poiz'd above,  
From Tract to Tract by various Currents drove,  
Then gently let them sink in liquid Gems,  
To feed each Plant, and stretch the porous Stems,  
Dispense Supplies to ev'ry fruitful Birth,  
And scatter joyful Plenty o'er the Earth?

*How blind* must be the Eye, *perverse* the  
Thought,  
Not to discern in Things so wisely wrought,  
So graciously design'd, thy bounteous Hand,  
Thy all-creating Order and Command?

Studious to search and know beyond what lies  
Expos'd to View, and naked to their Eyes,  
Mankind of old in Ships the Ocean try'd,  
Ere Rules of Art were form'd to be their Guide:  
Cautious at first, they coasted round the Strand,  
And ply'd the lab'ring Oar in sight of Land:  
Improv'd by Use and Skill, in After-times  
They spread their Sails, and fought remoter  
Climes,

Rang'd



Rang'd the great Deep, and flew from Shoar to  
Shoar,

Where-e'er its Bosom swells, and Billows roar :  
Still in Proportion to their bold Essays,  
Their Search and Labours on the liquid Ways,  
More and more Wonders open to their View,  
Proclaim thy Providence, and Wisdom shew :  
How regularly spring by Night and Day  
Alternate Breezes from the Land and Sea !  
*These* to convey them to the Port they seek,  
And *those* to bear them from the winding Creek :  
Remote from Land, where-e'er their Course they  
bend,

Some fav'ring Gales or Currents still befriend  
Their Passage, till a settled Wind they gain,  
That blows unvarying o'er the Purple Main :  
Wafted by *this*, what mighty Lengths they run  
Ere a few Weeks are measur'd by the Sun !  
How soon, when lost entirely to their View  
The known old World recedes, they greet the  
new !

Thus the wide Seas, that seem'd at first design'd  
To part remotest Lands, have *really* join'd,  
United East to West, and Pole to Pole,  
And carry'd friendly Commerce round the *Whole*,

Distri-



70     *A Cursory View of the* CREATION.

Distributing abroad, from Coasts to Coasts,  
Those diff'rent Products which each Climate  
boasts,  
To serve the rest with their peculiar Use,  
And purchase what their own will not produce:  
Thus more diffusive, and with quicker Speed,  
Thro'out the Globe are all thy Blessings spread.

Fain would the Muse recount in grateful Strains  
Each Wonder which the mighty Deep contains,  
Explore its inmost Cells, nor leave untold  
One curious Secret which its Arms enfold;  
Trace its Inhabitants from Tribe to Tribe,  
Their diff'rent Structure, Form and Parts describe,  
Point to those Proofs of Wisdom which appear  
In all, and all the Praise to thee refer.  
But who among the favour'd Sons of Men  
For this suffices with his Tongue or Pen?  
Unequal to the Task, we but recite  
What obvious courts our Search in open Light,  
Leaving un Sung a thousand Wonders more,  
Too deep for us to fathom and explore.

Not



Not more in Number, nor more curious made,  
Graze the green Plain, or cross the open Glade,  
Beasts, Fowls, and Insects, than the scaly Breed  
Range in the Seas, and crop the oozy Weed;  
In *these* as clear convincing Proofs of thee,  
Thy Wisdom, Pow'r, and Providence we see;  
From *hence* as strong Incitements feel to raise  
Our Thoughts to Heav'n, and celebrate thy  
Praise;

Each diff'rent Sort, from the minutest Scale  
Up to the Vastness of th' imperial Whale,  
As far as Man can trace them, bears thy Name  
In the Contrivance of their Make and Frame;  
So admirably fitted to the Place  
For their Abode ordain'd, the watry Space,  
To other Creatures Death, what Hand, what Art  
But thine such Sense and Organs could impart?  
Their pervious Gills, which from the Flood re-  
ceive

Secreted Air, by which they breathe and live;  
Their flatted Eyes adjusted to the Stream,  
And to the piercing Light's refracted Beam;

X

Their



Their griftly Fins, which row them as they glide,  
And keep them balanc'd in the rolling Tide ;  
Their glassy Backs, sharp Heads, and glitt'ring  
Sides,  
O'er which with so much Ease the Water slides ;  
Their curling Tails with vig'rous Sinews strung,  
By which, like Arrows shot, they dart along ;  
Not quicker those the airy Fluid cleave,  
Than these the so much denser limpid Wave.

Where-e'er the Ocean clasps the Earth around,  
Thro' all its floating Regions they abound ;  
In Shoals of huge Extent and close Array  
Some swell the Flood, and push their crouded  
Way ;  
Unsocial some and single, glancing fly,  
Or stretch'd upon the Surface, basking lie,  
Unnumber'd Kinds of diff'ring Form and Size,  
Sparkling with golden, azure, purple Dyes,  
With Drops of all the beauteous Tints that glow  
In the bright Compass of the show'ry Bow !

Yet not with greater Pleasure we survey  
These Strokes of Art and Beauty they display,  
Than



Than we discern thy Providence and Care,  
Which in their Manner, Ways, and Ends appear.

Why in the deepest Seas, remote from Land,  
Roam the less useful Kinds, and shun the Strand?  
Whilst those of greatest Use in plenteous Stores  
Press to the Bay, and sport about the Shores,  
Or up the River's Mouth their Journey wind,  
And leave their native briny Tide behind,  
As tempting us to spread the Toys abroad,  
And drag them from the near and known Abode.  
By Nature thus directed shall we say  
They chuse their Course, and take a different  
Way?

But what is Nature, but thy Will pursu'd  
In all their Actions chiefly for our Good?

Whatever Sorts thy forming Word at first  
Caus'd from the Ocean's ample Womb to burst,  
As yet preserv'd, they propagate their Kind,  
And hold that Rank and Place by thee assign'd;  
Tho' Thousands daily on the lesser feed,  
And Rapine reigns thro' ev'ry Quarter spread,

Yet



Yet not one Species known to Man is lost,  
 Or from th' unfathom'd Deep, or shelving Coast:  
 Whether that thou hast made the smaller Race  
 To breed and multiply with such Increase,  
 Or that the Weak, with artful Shifts endu'd,  
 Oft 'scape the Stronger, and their Force elude;  
 In Plenty still subsist each Tribe, and show  
 Thy over-ruling Eye and Hand below,  
 Ever preserving for our Use and Need  
 What first thy gracious Will for both decreed.

What numerous Sorts roam in the spacious  
 Flood,  
 Created for our Sustenance and Food,  
 Not in their Forms more various than in Taste,  
 And some the choicest Part of Man's Repast?  
 What Numbers more for other Ends design'd,  
 Still tending to the Good of human Kind  
 In sundry Uses, and the Proofs they give  
 Of thee, from whom their Being they derive?

When fix'd on these thy Works the busy Mind  
 Proceeds inquisitive from Kind to Kind,

I

From



From those scarce visible to human Eyes,  
From small to great, in order as they rise,  
Essays with pleasing Pains to comprehend  
Of each the Nature, Manner, Use, and End,  
Of all the shining scaly Tribes, and those  
Which Shells of ev'ry curious Form inclose;  
Of all th' amphibious Broods, which rove or  
creep

Now on the Strand, now in the oozy Deep:  
Loft in the Search at length, o'ercome and spent,  
It finds the Subject of too great Extent,  
Too various and amazing to explore,  
Desists, and turns from searching to adore,  
To celebrate thy wise and bounteous Ways,  
Which call so justly for our highest Praise.

*LORD!* what is Man, that Heav'n, and Earth,  
and Sea

Thus serve his Good by thy express Decree!  
That such stupendous Works, where Art divine  
And Pow'r omnipotent exerted join,  
Were wrought at first; and as at first, still tend  
Chiefly to answer and promote this End!

Y

Oh!



Oh! how indebted are we to thy Love  
 So plenteous here below, and there above!  
 So fruitful in Effects, that quite exceed  
 Our necessary Exigence and Need;  
 That minister a thousand diff'rent ways  
 To our Convenience, Use, Delight, and Joys.

Yet still amidst these Blessings we complain  
 Man is imperfect, and his State is vain:  
 Imperfect? Be it so ----- shall we repine?  
 When true Perfection only *can* be *thine*:  
 When nought but thou thyself, O GOD! *could* be  
 From all Defect and Imperfection free.  
 But that his State is vain, ----- why say we this?  
 Because not pure and unallay'd his Bliss?  
 Because he's mortal, and so soon to leave  
 This present Scene, and change it for the Grave?  
 Ungrateful! thus to murmur, and forget  
 What thou hast done, and still designest *yet*.  
 What? could we merit, ev'n before we *were*,  
 To be more happy Creatures than we are?  
 That Heav'n, not Earth, should be our blisful  
     Seat?  
 What! claim a Right to the Angelic State?

Pre-



Presumptuous and absurd! the thousandth Part  
Of what thou giv'st surpasses all Desert.  
As then our Station here and Happiness  
Might have been justly lower, justly less,  
Have we not reason gratefully to own  
Thy Goodness in our present Being shown?

Nor Man himself, nor any thing we see,  
Is vain, as made, or as design'd by Thee :  
The meanest Part of thy Creation tends  
Most visibly to wise and gracious Ends ;  
To *these* with Weight and Energy it leans,  
And finds, to gain these Ends, proportion'd Means :  
The Vanity objected has no Cause,  
But our Infraction of thy sacred Laws,  
Our wilful, base Infraction ! hence it flows,  
This is the Spring of all our real Woes.  
Did Man consider, and in Fact pursue  
What with thy Aids imparted he might do,  
The End for which thy Bounty plac'd him here,  
*To use thy Blessings right, and thee revere,*  
His Murm'ring quickly would be turn'd to Praise,  
Peaceful would be his Nights, and bless'd his  
Days:

Struck



Struck with the various Wonders of this Scene,  
Thy Ways and Dealings with the Sons of Men,  
Expressive of such Love, he would rejoice  
In this his Lot, as in his own free Choice;  
With Pleasure wait till what is mortal dies,  
And sets him free to range the blissful Skies,  
To soar with vig'rous and intrepid Wings  
Beyond the Verge of transitory Things,  
To Light and Life immortal, Scenes of Joy,  
Pure, intellectual, and without Alloy!  
Thyself the glorious Object of his Sight,  
The never-failing Source of his Delight!





